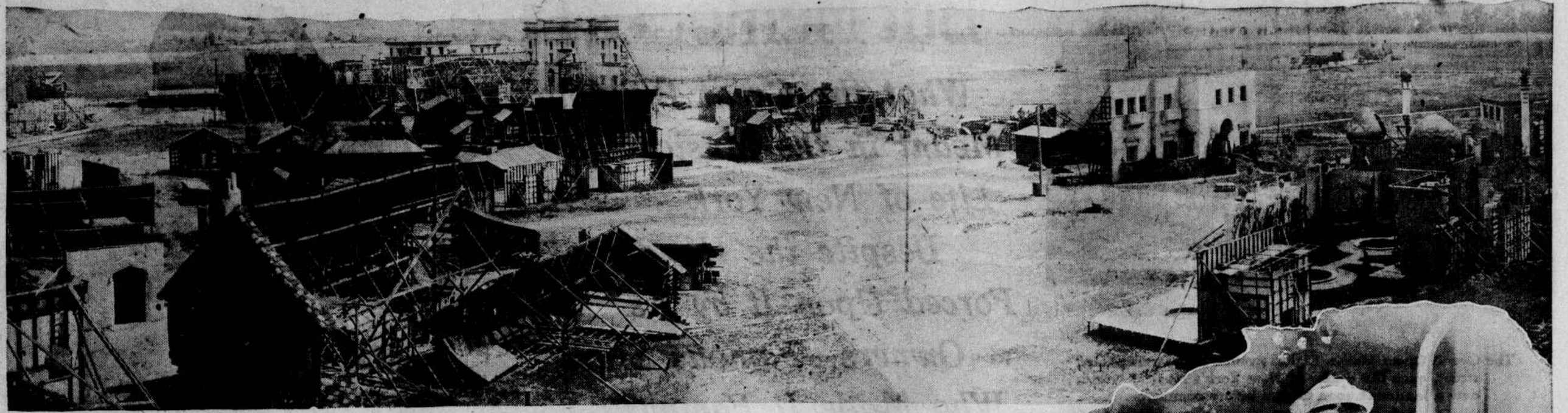


With the Film Stars who Are in The Limelight



asphalt highway, which I think was Santa Monica boulevard, past houses half hidden by palm trees, peppers and the pungent eucalyptus. The prevailing color is white or cream, varied with blue and pink, with red or green tiled roofs: the favored material is stucco, which does not seem to crack in that climate as it does in the East.

Many of the walks leading to the houses were bordered with geraniums. Rose bushes climb valiantly up wall and trellis, but because of the January freeze California is sadly lacking in roses this year. The same frost that swatted the citrus crop killed the posties. Down at Santa Ana I heard of an outdoor fete in which artificial flowers had to be used. That is the extreme of desolation in the land of sunshine and flowers.

We passed Swiss chalets, glorified flat roofed Aztec dobes, English cottages, Norman castles, Mesopotamian mosques, all kinds of architecture; also plain redwood California bungalows, each with its vines and shrubbery and maybe half a dozen orange trees, laden with golden bulbs.

At the top of a hill to our right stood a great house like a Japanese pagoda, the home of Adolph Bernheimer (not of the pictures), a principal show place of Hollywood. My friend was explaining that most of the people of Hollywood are not connected with motion pictures when he broke off to say: "Wally Reid lives there." The house to which he pointed was below the level of our boulevard. We looked down on a roof of red tile and walls of brown stucco. We could not see the swimming pool, but rapidly obtained the impression that Fred Harvey's desert hotels along the Santa Fe are no niftier than the abiding place of this same Wallace Reid.

William S. Hart's Place

Is New England Colonial

Up the road a little piece is the home of William S. Hart, New England colonial, shingled and white, one of the plainest and most agreeable places we saw. We were told that the appropriate thing for tourists to say when they reach this point on the grand tour is: "Just like Bill, isn't it?" On the other side of the boulevard is the mansion of Pauline Frederick, with an expanse of lawn costing a fortune to maintain in California. The house is of stucco, cream tinted, red tiled, formal looking.

The estate of Edward L. Doheny, oil man, penetrates a canyon not far from Miss Frederick's home, but a frieze of eucalyptus hides it from public view. In the same neighborhood Mme. Nazimova has a yellow citadel.

Passing out of Hollywood without my knowing it we were in Beverly Hills. Its general tone is like that of the highest priced parts of Great Neck, Long Island, or Upper Mountain avenue, in Montclair, N. J. It is all private residences except the Beverly Hills Hotel, where, I was told, Rupert Hughes and some of the picture stars lived and spent their leisure in riding, golf and contemplation of La Brea fields, the enfolding mountains and the Pacific flashing eight miles away. Charles Ray has a tidy thatched roof, box hedged English cottage in Beverly Hills. Will Rogers is bringing up his three children in a rambling home near by and sticking close to his swimming pool when in California. But every little while he has to leave the pool and go dripping to the front gate to say, "Yes, they live right up that road," to tourists before they have a chance to tell him that they are looking for the place where Doug and Mary live. Home-spun Will Rogers, strange to say, has a tremendous house, with an acre or so of pillared porch and no end of formal gardening and all that.

The road up the hill to the Fairbanks-Pickford house is nothing to brag of. It is a steep mountain grade, wide enough for only one car, and paved at one time, full of potholes. The tradition is that Mr. Fairbanks had the holes dug in order to discourage trippers. They flock up the hill, roll on the lawn and snapshot everything. One especially numerous flock of them gathered on the lawn one afternoon just after the two stars returned from their honeymoon. They shouted "Speech, speech!"

"Good heavens, what shall we do?" said

Doug. "Do?" said Mary. "We'll go out and speak to them, of course."

So they went out and quelled the multitude with speech and were snapped at and sent everybody away happy.

Few Who Work in Movies

Live in Hollywood

Back of all these are other estates projecting their flora, like green spearheads, up the lower slopes of the hills. Many of these are owned by well to do Eastern families that have gone to California to live. The same is true of many of the largest homes in Hollywood itself. There is no "movie colony." Here and there a few actors may be found living side by side, some of them, the best of them, in bungalows renting at from \$60 to \$125 a month, but as a rule they rub elbows with storekeepers, artists, bankers, insurance agents, owners of Los Angeles factories, retired sea captains, health seekers, brokers, bakers—with probably a healthy admixture of pirates and the clergy—just such people as may be found in any desirable suburb.

Many Hollywood people work in Los Angeles and motor back and forth. Even the lowliest have cars in California. Not many of the lowliest live in Hollywood, for it is regarded as "an expensive place," although real estate prices are well below those of comparable towns around New York. The great unheard of, unexpressed majority who make their living at the picture studios cannot afford a residence in Hollywood. A furnished room in Los Angeles is the home of not a few. A Hollywood acquaintance told me that of all the families on his block, along both sides of the street, his was the only one that had any member working at the studios. This may be an exceptional case, but it is obvious that the movies have not taken possession of all of Hollywood. One well known star, I think it was Guy Bates Post, told me he lived near Pasadena and drove twenty miles to his job every morning and back at night.

The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce estimates that 30,000 of the town's 70,000 persons are in one or another branch of the film industry. But an old timer said the truth was that while about 30,000 were actually engaged in the industry, not more than one-half of them, if that, lived in Hollywood.

Some of the gilt edged performers have habitations accurately described by the real estate agents as palatial, others occupy modest houses in rows that, save for the tropical foliage, are about like Flatbush.

Charley Chaplin rents a Moorish dwelling of about a dozen rooms on Crotona Heights from a theosophist for \$500 a month; J. M. Kerrigan has a white clapboarded one story bungalow; Kathryn MacDonald a severe Dutch colonial cottage; Sessua Hayakawa, the Japanese, a formidable feudal castle; Dustin Farnum a two story chalet; William Desmond a homey colonial; Tom Mix a chalet; Tom Moore an Aztec palace. In Hollywood, as everywhere, each to his own taste.

After tiring out one guide I acquired another and conscientiously did the business district of Hollywood. This is divided into three parts along a mile and a half of Hollywood boulevard. Originally there were three drowsy hamlets, and when the boom came they all spurted together and began to grow toward one another, so that eventually they will be as one and the pleasant interstices now filled with vestigial orange trees will disappear.

Business Blocks Clean

And Most of Them New

The brightness and cleanness of the business blocks strike the eye of the visitor from the East. They are not old enough to be anything else, and the town having no factories to speak of, there is nothing to smudge them. The buildings are of one or two story, except one which has five stories, and a skyscraper, now being completed, which has six. They are of stucco, concrete or pressed brick, uniformly white or cream colored. The stores are modern looking and cheering places to go into.

Real estate offices are notable for numbers. You learn that twenty years ago orchard land in what is now the costliest part of Hollywood could be had at from \$250 to \$500 an acre. Sixteen years ago the Hollywood Trust & Security Savings Bank bought one of the best corners on

the main street, a plot 105 by 60 feet, for \$37,500. It is now appraised at \$187,000. Ordinary space along the street is worth \$1,500 a front foot.

Homes do not come so high. Here are samples: Furnished five room bungalow, hardwood floor, garage, water, adults only, \$80 a month; four room bungalow, corner, telephone, disappearing bed, garage, \$75; "lovely sunny corner room," \$25; two rooms and sun parlor, telephone, \$65; unfurnished six room flat, two baths, garage, \$90; seven room house, all improvements, \$100; for sale, plastered bungalow, Spanish, five rooms, garage, brick chimney, lawn, shrubbery, \$5,900; five room stucco bungalow, tiled roof, \$7,500; plot 160 by 190, site for home or flats, \$12,600; site for court or apartment, 88 by 138, \$8,700; restricted lot, \$3,000; rentals, furnished, \$80, \$125, \$150; rentals, unfurnished, \$55, \$65, \$75, \$90.

Though disappointed in Los Angeles and in the vicinity of such motion picture studios as I had seen, I still entertained a hope that an actor or two would be seen behaving roguishly in the marts of Hollywood.

It was not to be. There were a few sporty looking automobiles, go devils with port holes in the hood, but they stood parked and empty in front of banks and grocery stores. I had been told to approach the Hollywood Hotel with caution, as here was the center not only of the weird night life of the "movie colony," but anything was likely to happen to a diffident stranger in the daytime. They told me it was Passion's Playground. It proved to be a three story mission style hospice, screened from the street by the regulation palms, peppers and acacias, and built around a patio rich with tropical vegetation. Several Iowa grandmothers with neatly parted white hair were knitting in alcoves of the big sitting room lobby. Stepping close for an earful of scandal, I heard nothing but a debate as to the relative merits of the Santa Fe and the Union Pacific as a means of migration.

Two Japanese bellhops had an air of knowing something, but I got no more out of them than they out of me, which was 25 cents for service. Otherwise the hotel was in a state of siesta, and so it continued to be all the time I was in Hollywood.

The new guide suggested Armstrong & Carlton's for luncheon.

"You'll see them all there," he said. This is the great noon place of Hollywood, although there are several other restaurants and a self-service refectory which spells itself on the sign, "Cafeteria." We went to a corner table. Armstrong & Carlton's was full of wavy haired young men and of girls reminiscent of the side streets above Forty-second street, New York. But the guide, who is a studio veteran and really knows his crowd, had to confess that this seemed to be an off day.

"Let's see," he said. "There's Al Green. Tommy Meighan's director, over in that corner. That gray haired man is Bill Conklin, who plays heavies, but is socially acquainted with the elect of Los Angeles. The lady under the big hat is Alice Terry who started in the pictures as a Triangle extra and earned a living cutting film between jobs. And that's all, so far as I can see. The rest are tourists, I guess. Anyway, studio people having luncheon are just like other people."

With this assurance I left the restaurant to find out more about Hollywood and was pained to learn that it has only one all night restaurant and that a stool and counter affair. The Coconut Grove at the Am-

The buildings above are not being torn down—this is how they are built for "exterior" scenes.

At the right is an interior garden—in the film it appeared as the garden of a Pasha's palace.



Charley Chaplin gives a party, with Will Rogers as guest of honor. All the other guests are of Hollywood, too. But it is not the kind of party that we read about—just a homey affair, with the two comedians imitating each other.

Gladys Walton, known as the "Hollywood Flapper," on the steps of her rather modest Hollywood home during an idle day at the studios.

perfidious view of Hollywood, the suburb.

Former Californians remember the Hollywood of twenty years ago as a small, "exclusive residential district," populated by a handful of retired Easterners living in handsome homes in the midst of citrus orchards. Its character was about like that, say, of Bernardsville, N. J. Los Angeles was a city of little more than 100,000. It had already started to boom when the movies came.

G. M. Anderson — Broncho Billy — appeared from somewhere and began shooting "Westerns" requiring no studio. Col. William M. Selig is credited with having built the first studio, at Edendale. Then came the Biograph and others, one at a time. They found in this part of California not only the greatest number of sunlit days and the best actinic light value, but the greatest variety of "locations" to be discovered anywhere. There were prairie, desert, ranches, rocky and sandy beaches, gorges, mountains, snow, gardens, vegetation of every clime, romantic villages, bustling cities, all within a small geographical compass.

In the center of all this, Hollywood, conveniently placed between the mountains and the sea, far enough from Los Angeles to be out of the highest rent zone, afforded plenty of vacant space for the erection of studios. At first each producer of pictures had his own independent personnel. For example, each company making wild West films had its own army of cowboys.

Each outfit was jealous of the other, and as no producing company can be busy all the time, there was time for dissipation, wrangling, sometimes serious brawls.

Since then the cowboy market has been virtually cornered by two women. When a producer needs a ranch crowd, he telephones the women for them. When the cowboy scenes are finished these men are paid off. They return to headquarters and

wait for an assignment to some other studio.

There is a fascinating story in the handling of the "extra people," the thousands who work in the pictures itinerantly, in mob scenes and the like, but it can only be indicated here. The point is that the character of the "movie industry" is changing just as Hollywood is changing and has changed since the days when the first orange orchards were cut up into bungalow lots.

Each Star Needs 200 Persons To Make Its Light Shine

The first studios were makeshifts. Nobody knew how the business and art of the cinema would develop, or whether it would develop at all. Eventually there arose permanent studios of concrete and steel and the industry acquired a feeling of solidity. The rush to Hollywood became a stampede.

Rob Wagner, biographer of the movies, estimates that for every star 200 other persons are needed to assist his light in shining before men. The crowd came and it sought homes. Transients, finding themselves settled for long sojourns in California, bought or built houses. The trooper, always a nomad, dreaming of a fixed habitation, found his dream coming true. In California he could literally have his own vine and fig tree. He could be sure of seeing his family every day.

There sprang up a feeling of local pride. The actor and his retinue, the director, the scenario writer, the host of others who help to make the pictures came to have a love for Hollywood because it was "their town." Proudly they voted, became bank depositors, went on boards of directors. They even joined the churches, with which some persons will be astonished to learn Hollywood is plentifully supplied.

All this makes Hollywood, in its most interesting aspect, a social phenomenon. Hollywood is the gypsy settling down.

The recent scandals have endangered the livelihood of these men and women. In defending Hollywood against attack they have acted from mingled motives of self interest, of a belief that the black sheep are few, and of local pride.

In another article an attempt will be made to give the facts and to estimate the soundness of the defense.